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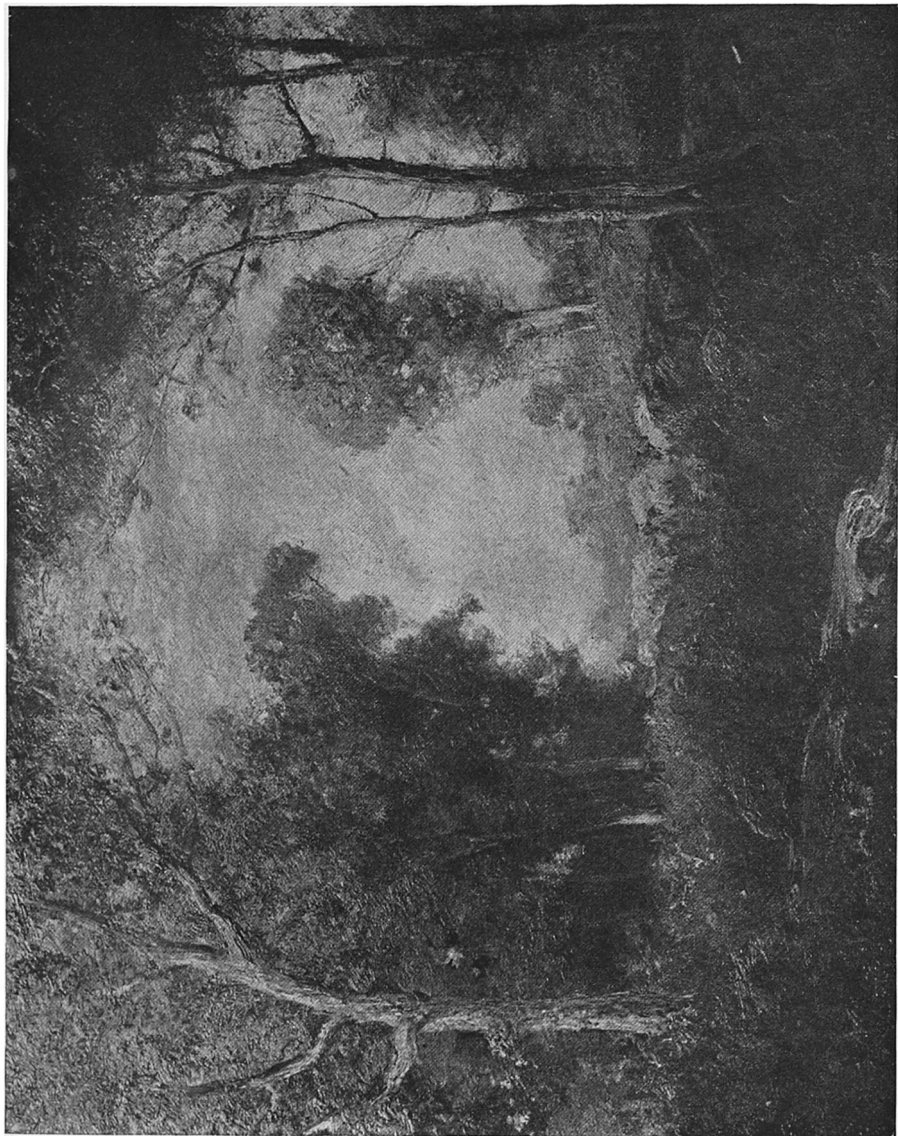
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LANDSCAPE
By Frank De Haven



BRUSH AND PENCIL

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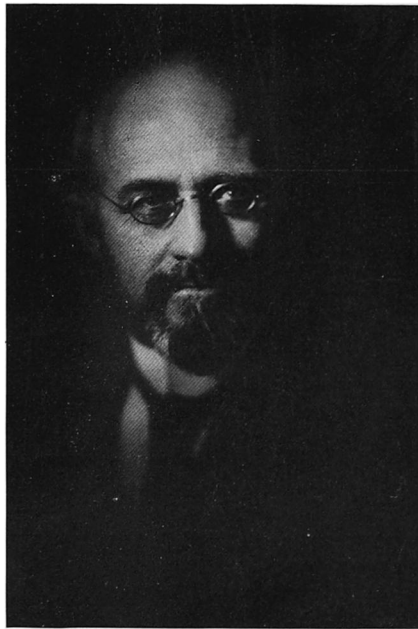
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No. 5

THE ART OF FRANK DE HAVEN

That old definition of art so often quoted, and be it said in its favor, so near the truth — "Nature seen through a temperament" — finds a sufficient and forceful confirmation in the work of a certain group of American landscape painters whom, possibly for want of a better phrase, it is the fashion now to term the tonal school. Ranger, Inness, Martin, Wyant, Minor, Ochtman, De Haven, Dessar, Groll, Beal, King, diverse in sentiment, unlike in handling, prone each to his favorite themes and his favorite colors, are all alike in this, that they are transcribers of nature's beauties, not in a bald, literal way, not with a view to photographic accuracy, not with the aim to get a balanced aggregation of forms and colors, but with the purpose of imparting a sentiment, a mood, a subtle meaning, that the rank and file of every-day observers miss. They are not perpetrators of topographical iniquities to please or satisfy an uncultured taste, such as have so long and so widely passed for art — their best work always has the elusive charm that is akin to mystery, wonderment, devotion. And this is strictly a personal matter, resulting primarily from the ability to make color the handmaid of an acute interpretative sense.

Nature, of course, presents to the tonal painters no other data than she offers to the ordinary limner in crude paint — there are the same rocks,



FRANK DE HAVEN
From a Photograph



WINTER NIGHT

By Frank De Haven

stratified or unstratified; the same sweep of prairie or roll of meadow; the same tree forms, with their several characteristics; the same cloud shapes, long since named and classified; the same line where plain and sky meet; the same shadows creeping over the sunlight by known laws; in a word, the same phenomena that have greeted vision since time began, the same that have engaged the attention of thousands of artists, and been made to play their mimic role on acres of canvas. But the tonal painter and the transcriber of natural scenes work, if not from a different viewpoint, at least with a different aim. The latter seeks to make a picture whose supreme merit shall be its naturalness, its reasonable similitude to what confronts the average eye; the former likewise strives for naturalness, but it is naturalness plus a sentiment. The highest achievement of the one may be an effect; that of the other must be an emotion.

Inness made a rule when he said a work of art did not appeal to the intellect; it did not appeal to the moral sense; its aim was not to instruct, not to edify, but to awaken an emotion. This the tonal landscapist recognizes, and for this he labors. The man who makes a literal transcript may be merely a draughtsman — a mathematician with a brush; the tonal painter must be a poet, whether he excel in draughtsmanship or not.

All this apropos of the work of one of the men named above, Frank De Haven, whose best canvases easily place him among the most poetic—

a much-abused phrase, by the way — of our landscape painters. His chief interest is to manipulate his colors — be it in budding spring, russet autumn, the glow of sunset, or the silvery sheen of moonlight, the full flood of day's light bathing meadow and vineyard in glory, or the artificial city illumination falling dimly over the darkling waters of a harbor, in anything his versatile brush undertakes — so as to make his canvas the means of imparting an emotion. He has not aimed at panoramic bigness; the pride of steppe and mountain peak has had little charm for him; neither has he been wooed by spots hallowed by human association. A little nook or corner of nature, simple to a fault, suffices as the basis of his effort, and temperament does the rest. He is never guilty of that error so common with those artists who have been dubbed "manufactures of pictures"—studio compositions, sheer drafts on the imagination, or the patching up of conventional landscapes from photographic hints. His work is conscientious to a degree. His scenes are bona fide scenes, simple bits in which he has seen beauty; and the emotion he seeks to arouse is the genuine emotion that he himself has experienced and that he strives honestly to make others feel.

The best part of De Haven's art — and the same is true of every virile painter — has been self-taught. Allegiance to a school or manner, other



EVENING AFTER RAIN
By Frank De Haven

than that which is the result of personal evolution, has been the undoing of many an artist, who, without the "direction" or "assistance" that has warped or sapped his ability, might have made a name for himself. De Haven received a modicum of instruction, and wisely elected to let his art take its own course. He courted success or failure, and achieved success.



INDIAN SUMMER
By Frank De Haven

Again, an American he has been satisfied with American subjects, realizing what so many artists find it difficult to learn, that the life — or nature — we live, and not that which has the alien element of novelty, is that which every man is most competent to render truthfully.

De Haven was born at Bluffton, Indiana, in 1856. Art claimed his interest in boyhood, and aroused an ambition to become a painter. With money he himself earned, he, at the age of sixteen, bought his first box of colors, and the day the material arrived he went out to paint from nature, without knowing anything about his paints or how to use

them. This is not the tale of a prodigy, for there was nothing of the prodigy in De Haven's early efforts. It might be said in passing, however, that this first attempt is still in the possession of the artist's mother, at Oil City, Pennsylvania, — a cherished souvenir. The reader, perhaps, does not need telling that is not "tonal."

De Haven came to New York in 1886, and for a time became a pupil of George H. Smillie. Any one who knows the characteristics of Smillie's work knows how little the master influenced his pupil. Smillie is of the old school, of which he proudly extols the merits, and De Haven is an apostle of the new. The association of the two men, however, was helpful to the younger, since it gave him an insight into the handling of his material that he was in need of, and with this start his progress has been steady. He

won the Inness prize at the Salmagundi Club in 1900, with more votes than all the other competitors combined — the only time this prize has ever been won by a majority vote. In 1901 he won the Shaw prize for black and white. The following year he was elected associate of the National Academy of Design. He was also awarded a silver medal at the Charleston, South Carolina, Exposition; honorable mention at the Pan-American, at Buffalo; and a silver medal at the St. Louis Exposition in 1904.

From sixteen to fifty in terms of the calendar is over a generation, and a painter who has weathered thirty-four years of stress — and they all have it — and victory may safely be assumed to have matured artistic convictions and a mastery of means to an end that insures the quality of future output. De Haven has won a place in his country's art that he will doubtless never hazard. This summer he goes to Europe for a sojourn of a year or two, but he goes a finished — if the phrase

may be pardoned — painter, and there is little danger that, whatever influences may be brought to bear upon him, he will disturb or in any appreciable measure modify the lines of work on which he has won success. At least the admirers of his art are justified in hoping that love of experiment may not lead him into the pitfalls of Dutch dunes, Alpine solitudes, the solemnities of the fjords, and the coasts of Cornwall. Let us also hope that he will escape the snares of Paris and Munich.

A painter whose greatest charm is tonal, of course, always suffers in black and white reproductions, but the accompanying illustration will, at least, subserve the purpose of indicating to the reader the trend of De Haven's interest as regards subjects. There is no straining for striking scenes, no



AUTUMN TWILIGHT
By Frank De Haven

struggle for effect as such. Each picture is a simple idyl, poetic in feeling, and instinct with an emotional message. What is more, De Haven is not a specialist — he does things, not a thing. He has not matured his abilities on monotonous lines. There are painters — and many of them — who would scarcely be so venturesome or impolitic as to give an extensive one-man exhibition. The collection would be one picture in segments. De Haven could at any time give an exhibition of his work in which no two pictures would be so similar as one to suggest the other. His versatility is simply another expression for his breadth of interest, and his various tonal schemes for his mastery of color.

His "Moonrise and Sunset," for instance — which, by the way, he regards as his most important work — has warm color and a hazy glow — the russet of autumn, lighted by the sinking sun. His "Autumn Twilight," with its deep clear blue sky, in which the evening star twinkles near the horizon, is full of the mystery of the night. His "A Maine Farm" is a study of early autumn with the neutral atmospheric grays of the waning year. His "Winter Night" and "Indian Summer" are in direct antithesis — the one dominated by the mingled warm and chill grays of the winter



COAST OF MAINE
By Frank De Haven



LANDSCAPE WITH SHEEP
By Frank De Haven

atmosphere, and the other by rich yellows and dull reds, all in the genuine haze of the dog-days. And so one might enumerate scores of pictures in evidence of a sincere and successful effort to record the poetry of sun and shade, spring's promise and autumn's maturity, summer's glory and winter's shroud of leaden gray, the fields, the sea, the lane, the harbor — whatever has a distinctive message to a man of thought and poetic feeling. One feels in all not merely the man's ability as a draughtsman and technician, but the scope of his sympathies and the genuine character of his interpretation.

WHITTIER MONTGOMERY.



AMERICAN ART IN PARIS AND LONDON EXHIBITIONS

The American exhibitors at the salon of the Société Nationale des Beaux Arts were led by Gari Melchers, Rolshoven, Frieske, Florence



A MAINE FARM—EARLY AUTUMN
By Frank De Haven

Este, Morrice, Eugene Vail, Elizabeth Nourse, Alexander Harrison, Childe Hassam, Howard Cushing, and Walter Gay, and these were followed by a number of clever younger men or new exhibitors.

Alson Clarke sent a very good canvas called "The Toilette," and James Hopkins two very interesting Whistlerian canvases of fine color and tone. Bittinger's interior of a room at Versailles had many qualities of good painting that placed it beside Walter Gay's delightful last-century palace interiors. Penrhyn Stanlaws sent a full-length portrait of a lady in a black evening gown, pale and sinuous, and with discreet touches of embroidery on the gown that had much interest.



MOONRISE AND SUNSET

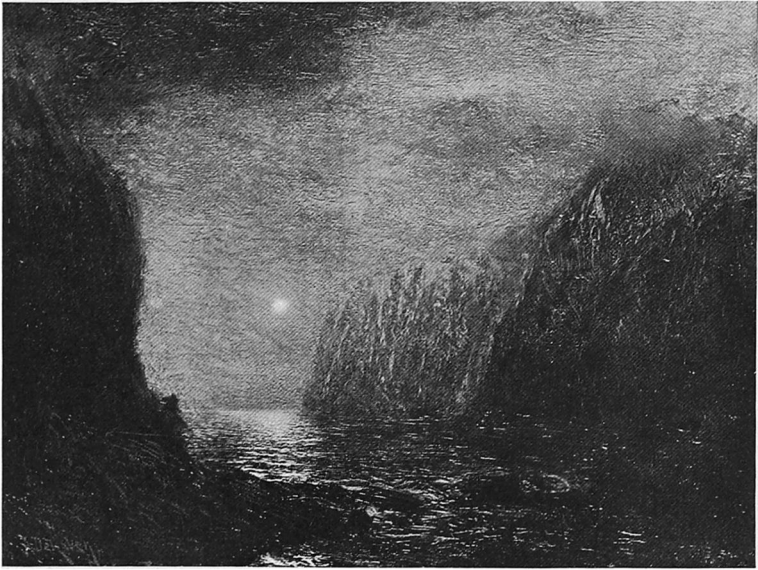
By Frank De Haven

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ites. Equally strong is the portrait of an old man seen in profile, a coarse china bowl in his hand, a cap on his head, and a woollen scarf about his thin old throat.

The 138th exhibition of the Royal Academy recently opened. The private view was attended by the customary crowd. The exhibits are fewer than usual, but there is an improvement, chiefly in a technical direction. The fact



MARINE

By Frank De Haven

that John Sargent was on the selection committee may have something to do with the improvement. The place of honor in the chief gallery is given to Abbey's single exhibit, a decorative picture, measuring ten feet by eight, representing Columbus in the new world. Columbus is clad in armor and seen at a right profile. He is kneeling upon the shore between two groups of priests. In the distance some of his followers are landing. The background is sea and sky. A novel and much-discussed feature of the painting is the flight of flamingoes streaming across the middle distance, close above the heads of the kneeling figures. Nobody had ever seen anything of the kind before. The design suggests a composition for stained glass. Abbey's picture is flanked by Shannon's portrait of Mrs. Untermeyer and Herkomer's portrait of Mrs. Leopold Aibu, both exceptionally fine works.

As a centerpiece in the adjoining gallery, where the picture of the